

Baby's Easter Baptismal Clothes



THE NEW DRAPED CRADLE THAT DOESN'T ROCK—

By MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

If you're a proud modern baby you've just got to have a party when you're baptised.

Oh, I know it's a nuisance, that your beautiful new dress chokes and that your cap hurts your soft little ears and that nurse isn't holding you right and is thinking more of her own new cap than of your comfort.

But none of these things matter, if you want to be a swell baby you have to be baptised at a reception given in your honor, and you have to be looked at, and insulted by comparison with ugly grown-up people, and you must receive useless presents, but you don't have to be grateful, and you have to hear women make funny sounds in their throats about you, and if you don't mercifully fall asleep you will not see some miserable, embarrassed men clustered about you, who will say silly things and wish both you and they were dead.

Baby's Sole Chance of Escape.

It is an excellent plan, dear baby, to scream hard early in the ceremony. It will humiliate your mother, to be sure, but it's the only way to save yourself from being horribly bored.

And it is quite true that the richest of poor little babies are used these fashionable days as an opportunity for a smart party. Engraved invitations are sent out two weeks in advance and lovely presents are returned; not, of course, that the invitations are sent for the present. How absurd! It is just that people love to spend a lot of money to send expensive gifts to a baby they have never seen, to show their sweet natures. And "mother" is much impressed with their lovely motives and later on sends presents to their babies from a heart bursting with loving kindness.

Pretty, Though Trying.

And yet even if in an old-fashioned way we think the small baby should be in the nursery and not the piece de resistance of an afternoon party, there is no doubt that these fashionable christening receptions are very pretty affairs, and that they really afford an opportunity for many friends and relatives to come with genuine sweetness and pleasure "to see the baby for the first time."

Ask grandmamma if the baby received much attention? Or ask the maiden aunt if there was anything lovelier in the room than Dorothy or Harold?

Most Formal Affairs.

The reception is a most formal affair. The invitations on heavy, pure white paper read: "Mr. and Mrs. James Almerice Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer request the honor of your presence at the christening of their son, Hugh Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer, Tuesday, the twenty-second of April, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon." Then in the lower right-hand corner is the address.

When guests are not invited to the ceremony announcement cards are sent out, with a card about an inch long, bearing the new person's name in full, tied to the announcement with baby ribbon, pink or white, as Dorothy or Harold prefers.

Avanche of Christening Gifts.

And then on the historic days flowers pour in in silver vases and etruscan baskets, in rush baby carriages and white enamel cradles, all addressed to Dorothy or Harold, never to mamma. And besides flowers, pretty baby playthings, rattles in mother-of-pearl and art nouveau silver, rubber rings with gold handles, baby pins, set with tiny pearls, dress studs of Umritzar silver, foolish little "love rings," set with the baby's birthday stone, chains that are just fine gold cobweb, cups and mugs of silver or gold, and bread and milk sets in silver, Dresden china and Doulton ware.

It takes an entire huge table to hold all the gifts, and many of them are not only lovely and inappropriate, but very valuable. The nurse is present to carry the baby, and happy mother and nervous

father are fluttering about. The ceremony is short, and then if the small child has been good, he stays for pats and laudatory remarks; if not, he is withdrawn while mamma explains how astonished she is.

The christening dress is very rich and expensive and elaborate, all pure white, of the finest silk batiste, hem-stitched and embroidered by hand, with a handsome finish of priceless real lace. If he is at all chilly, he is smothered in a long silk coat with a military cape, and a long real lace veil is thrown over the tiny pink bald head.

The Question of Bonnets.

Caps, of course, are only seen at church ceremonies, which are no longer smart. But baby's caps are nevertheless worth mentioning this season. For every little mortal they are rather plain except for the intricate difficult handwork on them. They have a little full crown, tucked or corded and embroidered, and the edge is trimmed with ruffles of real lace or white illusion.

With short dresses the caps grow elaborate; funny, little, old-fashioned

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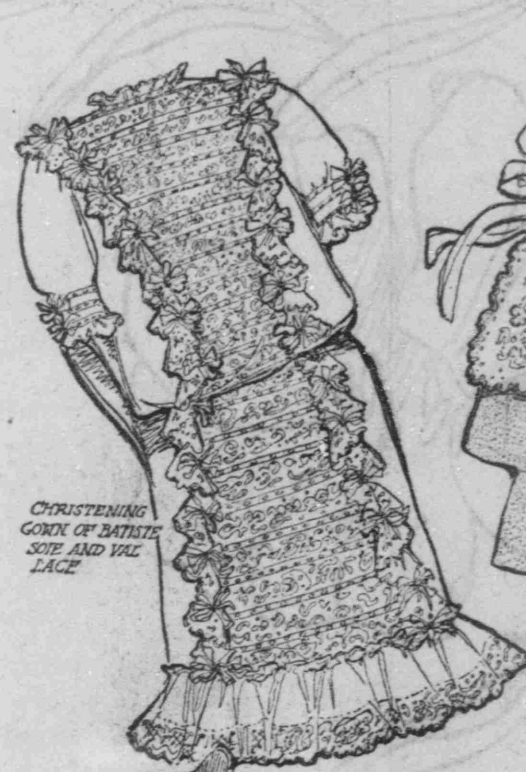
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ORGANDIE SACQUE OVER PINK LIBERTY SILK INSET WITH VAL LACE.



CHRISTENING GOWN OF BATISTE SOLE AND VAL LACE.



CAPE AND CAP FOR SUMMER OF SILK MULL OVER BLUE CREPE.

A JESTER'S STICK TO AMUSE BABY



THE FIRST PINK KID LACE-TRIMMED SHOES.



CROCHET BED SHOES.

EMBROIDERED LINEN PILLOW-SLIP.

coal-scuttle shapes, with garlands of roses around the faces, or full, wide ruffles with plump little marabout aigrettes, and short, fat ostrich feathers nestled in the lace.

And some of these ridiculous little bonnets are of pale yellow straw, trimmed with bows and rosettes and roses of Liberty satin—bonnets that look fifty years old in shape and design, but deliciously fresh and new in material and color.

Costly Cloaks for Little Folks.

The long cloaks for Christening occasions are always white, for street, white, very pale silver blue, delicate hyacinth pink or palest corn-color, in Liberty satin with quilted brocade linings, or of fine white French organdie, or silk muslin over soft India silk in tints.

There is a noticeable introduction of color into the prettiest of the new baby clothes. Not for the christening reception, everything is white there from dress to flowers; but for all other occasions, pale colors are worn, usually under thin white, even by the very lit-

tlest dwellers in Babyland.

The finest Swiss, French organdie, silk-muslin, batiste sole, mull, nainsook of the silkiest, are all used over slips or linings of liberty satin and silk and fine China silk or soft "twilled taffeta." The palest tints are most fashionable, and they are further invariably shadowed by fine cottons or laces.

Everything Hand Embroidered.

All of the handsomest little cloaks and frocks are hand-embroidered in a fine ecclesiastical stitch, not masses of embroidery, but a pattern of scattered small blossoms or rose petals or a simple design in French knots. With hem-stitching, of course, and fagoting and the finest feather-stitching, that is like embroidery. Puffs, never, and but few ruffles, though often a narrow lace edge and insertion.

The capes of the coats are edged with lace, point d'esprit, Valenciennes or Maline, and ribbon rosettes trim dresses and coats, always of the softest liberty or chiffon gauze. Babies are really very much adorned, and of-

ten very richly costumed, yet all the materials are so fine and the making so exquisite, and the colors so delicate and beautiful that there is, in spite of the richness, an air of babyishness and simplicity, which to the uninitiated would be terribly misleading.

Dainty Little Sacques.

The little short sacques when not crocheted or made kimono fashion, are of fine silk, batiste or organdie, embroidered by hand, edged with lace and silk-lined in color.

For just nursery hours this baby of 1904 is most simply and comfortably gowned in the fewest possible soft, fine underclothes; in a fine nainsook slip and just a wool or silk kimono, with no dress at all.

Baby's Luxurious Surroundings.

But the fittings of the nursery are very far from simple, at least in appearance. There is always some one especial pale tint in the color-scheme, and then lots of white draped over the color.

The bassinet, or cradle, is just a basket swung on a frame, with curtains and quaint draperies. It is first covered with silk and then point d'esprit is tacked on and the draperies are net over silk, and there is always a heart-shaped pillow of fine batiste, embroidered and lined with the color.

To Hold the Small Wardrobe.

The "hamper basket" is the newest. It is a box two feet high and three long. The tray in the top is the "basket" and the entire hamper inside and out is covered with silk and dotted net. In the basket are the usual compartments for powder-box, brush and comb, etc., and numerous pin cushions, and a long jester's stick, ribbon bound, from which dangle a rattle, a ring and sometimes a set of harlequin bells for baby's bath time amusement.

Baby's Own Delicate Hues.

Pink and blue are equally popular in the nursery, red sometimes, violet never, and now and then pale corn-color. And the nursery matches the baby things in color. If pink is the color, the windows are white laces over pink, and the Dresden wall paper has a vine of trailing roses, and the rush couch has lawn pillow slips over pink, and the pinning blankets and extra coverlets and nursery shawls are of pink elder-down.

The nursery is always made fine and pretty on the day of the christening. For if baby is unhappy or tired he is often hurried away after the important ceremony and then visited later by the nearest relatives and dearest friends. So there are flowers in his house and everything is in its best bib and tucker.

And the day after the baptism the gifts are all taken to the nursery and exhibited there for a week or so, at a certain hour, of course, so that His Royal Smallness is not disturbed at mealtime or naptime.

Happy American Babies!

But all this formality does not for an instant mean that the American baby is brought up in nursery isolation. American mothers may like to indulge in a bit now and then even for their children, but they do not shut them out of their lives and pay other people to love them.

The American baby is seen as well as heard by his parents, and knows heaps and heaps about soft love words and twilight songs and good-night kisses.

HOW THE LONDON GIRL SUITS HER FROCKS AND FRIENDS TO THE LOCALITY IN WHICH SHE LIVES

THREE interesting articles bearing on this subject have been published in different papers. "Elaine" writes amusingly in the Referee of the distinctions in dress of the girls of different parts of London:

"The Mayfair elegants—there are not many, but there are a certain number—will order three or four, or more, expensive dresses from a first-rate place and have a simple tailor-made dress or two for ordinary occasions—shopping, walking, etc. She has other things to think about, and very likely may thus dismiss the subject.

"But the Kensington girl has never finished with designing, arranging, shopping. She will go to any amount of trouble to get a little piece of ribbon to match her hat or petticoat, she will be always sending her accessories to the cleaners, buying the latest things in belts, veils, neckties, etc. She probably does not go to Dover street for her dresses, but she may spend nearly as much money as if she did, as she is so very fond of variety, and is always get-

ting her "little dressmaker" to alter her clothes to the very latest fashion. "Belgravia ladies have the Mayfair characteristics, but seem to be less frivolous, while those who live about Victoria street and in that direction, seem more in their dress like the Kensington girls; they are always almost too much dressed for the occasion. They will be more exquisitely arrayed in an omnibus than the other class of girl in her own carriage or motor.

"Further afield, in Bayswater proper, the other side of Westbourne Grove and Pembroke Crescent, there is marked falling off in chic and elegance and good taste. In the cheaper parts of Earl's Court and Kensington and Chelsea the girls may be somewhat shabby and shapeless, but there is a certain atmosphere of art and brightness that redeems them. The girls in their ill-cut green gorges and "honey-combed" cashmere blouses and floppy hats—relics of the old aesthetic days—are students at the Slade School, or the Kensington Museum, or they have their portfolios under their arms and are studying at

some school of music. They look intelligent, interested in life, and cleverer than the Bayswater girl of similar social status. These are particularly dowdy, dull and conventional."

"A Countess," commenting on this article in the Outlook, says that without in any way wishing to appear snobbish, she cannot lay too much stress upon the fact that the pressure of social life is too great to allow of migrations far from the centre, and that to live in a good situation is a necessity if you wish to be happy in London.

"When a young couple first marry they are often tempted to think it does not matter where they live; at any rate, the husband thinks so, and the wife, even if she does have uneasy qualms on the subject, smilingly assents. They set up at some impossible distance from Hyde Park Corner, and all their friends, exclaiming loudly that they have been 'driving round for hours' and thought they would never find the house, which, they add, certainly is 'sweet' when they get there.

"They never have time to come again, and though they ask the young couple to dinner occasionally, the latter gradually drop out of the swim, more completely than even if they lived in the country. Of course, if they have married for love and the world well lost, they have successfully accomplished their objects; but few people enjoy being forgotten and becoming mere acquaintances of their former friends, and so they find themselves obliged to move 'nearer in,' and to exchange their commodious house on the wrong side of the Park for a poky flat at double the rent over a shop in Mayfair or Belgravia."

Another writer has an article on the growth of London in the Spectator. London has spread north, east, south and west, but towards each point of the compass she has carried a different spirit, almost a different class of men:

"Towards the east she has attracted mainly, indeed almost entirely, the millions of workers, the meaning of whose gray lives hardly is present, even today, to the average spectator of the life

of a great city—so nebulous has become the atmosphere of its growing outskirts. Towards the west she will probably ex-

pend in much the same way, out through Acton, Ealing, and Drayton towards Slough, but never carrying with her the same kind of suburbs as are to be found growing north and south of the river. North and south the tendency is towards what are known, in the neighborhoods, east and west grows a succession of what may best be classed, perhaps, as "dwellings"—rows of small, unimportant-looking houses, which contain, nevertheless, a vast proportion of the life and energy of the greatest of business cities."

There is a good deal to be said for the distinction which is drawn by "fashionable" people as to what is meant and what is not meant by "living in London."

"London has now become so huge, and communication has become so general, that it is just as true of Kensington that it does not belong to the centre as it is true of Highgate or Weybridge. If

Kensington alone had been joined to the West End, householders in Kensington might have regarded themselves as holding much the same position as householders in Belgravia or Mayfair.

But it is now just as easy to get to Surbiton or to Hampstead as to Earl's Court, and the consequence is that the fashionable world has shown a tendency not to expand, but to shrink into itself; to regard no house as belonging really to "London" unless you can, so to speak, walk into it round the corner. So far as the keeping up of communication with the world of fashion is concerned, nobody benefits very much more by living in Bayswater than by living in Brompton.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

THAT tickling a baby will cause the child to stammer.

That allowing a baby to look into a mirror will cause it to have trouble in testifying.

That a child will have a nature and disposition similar to those of the person who first takes it out of doors.